

Sanctify, Sanctify.
Wash the evil from my eyes.
Make it so I don't see no evil visions from below.
Preacher man, Preacher man.
Preacher do what Preacher can.
Preacher got good book in hand.
Preacher talk and walk the land.

Hey you. Take form. Are you ready? On your mark, get
set and never start.
Never stop shooting blanks or placing props in your
place.
Defiled by the time that I write this...a checklist.
A way to shape the taste of things to come.
To listen. To have and to hold.
But never let'em know that you left. 'Cause they were
thinking, "Oh, where'd they go? Where's the door from
which they came? File reports. Flag their names.
Calling all cars! One's escaped!"
It's a secret society of hope and disgust.

Welcome to the backdrop, to the blank-slate craze,
where the honorary heathen is always falling from
grace.
So make note of room.
Make note of stance.
Focus your eyes and edit the laughs. Censor the
twitches.
Observe and react.
Pull this off. You can pull this off.
Prepare a comment, aware of the cost. Repeat after me
and start to believe.
Pull this off. You can pull this off.